

thinks the Poor Town has been ^{III} 4
troubled too long.

O R,

A Collection of all the New

SONGS

That are generally Sung,

Either at the

COURT

O R,

THEATRES.



Collected by one of the Dukes Servants.

*Tempere Causidicus fertue mea carmina:
qui sit*

Nescio : Si Scicero, Væ tibi Causidice.

— Mart Lib 5. Ep. 33.

Printed in the Year, 1673.

Medicine the Poor have been
wounded too long

A Collection of all the

SONNETS

That are generally sung

throughout the

SONNETS

THESE

Collected by one of the

Authors of the

Collection

London

Printed by

THE Epistle to the READER.

Reader,

They who appear in Print, do commonly presuppose to themselves either *Reputation*, or *advantage*; but I hope none will imagine me so idle as to expect the *Former*, by publishing Songs that are none of mine; nor much of the *Latter*, from so slender a Collection: No; I must needs confess, that nothing put me on this design, but *Pity* and *Revenge*: *Pity* to the poor abused Town, as giving credit to the fair promises in the *Title Page*, have been *Hocus-Pocus'd* out of their money; when they have peep'd under the *Covers*, they have found nothing that they expected; and *Revenge* towards those imposing scriblers; who meerly out of the design of gain, have made *Dollery* their *Stale*, whereby they have catch'd hundreds. And facing their coarse suits, with a silken Song or two, they have prov'd greater cheats than *Salesmen*: For, they have been forc'd to pease them out with such *Lincy-woolcy Medly Stuff*, as that they became *Scandalous*, even with *Porters*, and *Link-boys*, and I dare refer my self to the Reader, whether there be not more and better Songs in this little paper, then he ever found in any of the *Drolleries*, whether *VVestminster*, *VVindsor*, *Covertgarden*, *Holborn*, *Epsom-VVells*, &c. Which get all at least four times the price. What I
A 2
design,

To the Reader.

design, is to bring that *ridiculous* way of *Printing* Songs out of fashion; for if a Song be *not* good, why should it be *Printed*, if it be, in *being* so it is *doubtly* spoiled; for beside the *Errors* it receives *before* it comes to the *Droller's* hand, which he *multiplies* in *rectifying*; and besides those it generally thus meets with in the *Presse*, yet even the *Name* of being in *Print*, makes it become *ridiculous* to that degree that you shall hardly hear a *Printed Song* but in an *Ale-house*, or a *Bawdy-house*; Not that I think men have the *meaner* esteem for any thing, *because* it is in *Print*, but *because* *Errour* is an accident, so *inseparable* from the *Press*, when it is imploy'd about things of *this* nature. And a very little consideration will shew us the *impossibility* of its being *otherwise*; for, (besides the *persons* forementioned) even the *Author* of a Song himself *forgets* how he *first* wrote it; or if he *remembers*, he will rather *comply* with a *common* received *mistake*, than seem *singular* in endeavouring to *Correct* it. Nor is this all: for, if a Song be brought to the *Test*, ever so *uncorrupt*, yet if it has but the least inclination to *smuttiness*, it lies at the mercy of the *Prover* to be *altered* as he thinks convenient: which alterations are imputed to the *Publisher*, who thereupon is *curst* by all that are concerned in the abuse; and laugh'd at by all that are not. Which I heartily wish may be the fate of all such *Undertakers*: I am sure they, and (for once) I deserve it, and may justly expect it.



A

T A B L E

O F T H E

S O N G S

Contained in this

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The Table

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37	A Dialogue between two Sisters in Love.
38	How bonny and brisk : All I how pleasant and sweet.

A Song.

Methinks the Poor Town has been troubled too long
With Phillis and Cloris in every Song;
By fools, who, at once, can both love and despair,
And will never leave calling them cruel and fair;
Which justly provokes me, in Rhime, to express
The truth that I know of bonny Black Befs.

This Befs of my Heart, this Befs of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as milk, and Hair black as Cole,
She's plump, yet, with ease, you may span round her waste
But her round swelling thighs can scarce be embrace:
Her Belly is soft, not a word of the rest,
But I know what I think when I drink to the Best.

The Ploughman, and Squire, the Erramer Clown,
At home she subdu'd in her Paragon Gown;
But now she adorns the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest town Gallants are forc'd to submit;
All hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat day and night, like my Lord Drums.

I dare not permit her to come to Whitehall,
For she'd out-shine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all;
If a Lord should but whisper his love in the Crowd,
She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud;
Then the overhearing what Betty did say,
Would send Mr. to take her away.

B

But

But to these that have had my dear dear Bels in their arms;
 She's gentle, and knows how to soften her charms;
 And to every beauty can add, a new Grace,
 Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her Pace;
 And with Head on one side, and a Languishing Eye,
 To kill US by looking, as if SHE would Dye.

A Song.

Forgive me Jove!

Or, if there be a kinder god above,
 Forgive a Rebel to the Power of Love:
 Hear me (kind Cupid) and accept my Vow,
 Mine, who devoutly at thy Altar Bow;

O! hear me now:

Dorinda hear, and what I've done amiss
 Pardon 'd seal that pardon with a Kiss.

Stay! methinks the melting Saint,
 Kindly Ecchoes my complaint;

Look! If fancy I descry

Pitty dropping from her eye;

Hark! she says Philander live,

All thy Errors I forgive:

And now, ah me! to repent I begin,
 That against so much goodness I ever should Sin;
 But never again, oh! never will I,
 Offend my Dorinda, for sooner I'll dye.

Song

A T the sight of my Phillis, from every part,
 A Spring-tide of Joy does flow up to my heart;
 Which quickens each pulse, and swells e'ry vein,
 But all my delights are still mingled with pain.

So strange a distemper sure love cannot bring,
 To my knowledge, love was a much quieter thing;
 So gentle, and tame, that he never was known,
 So much as to wake me, when I lay alone?

But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of late;
 He's become a more furious passion than hate;
 Since, by Phillis, restor'd to the Empire of hearts,
 He has new strung his Bow, and sharpened his darts:
 And strictly the rights of his Crown to maintain,
 He breaks e'ry heart, and turns e'ry brain.

My Madnest alas! I too plainly discover;
 For he is (at least) as much madman as lover;
 Who, for one cruel beauty, is ready to quit
 All the Pympts of the Stage, and those of the Pit;
 The joys of Hyde-Park, and the Mall's dear delight;
 To live sober all day, and chaste all the night.

A Song.

Nay ! let me alone,
 I protest I'll be gone ;
 'Tis a folly to think I'll be subject to One :
 Never hope to Confine
 A Young Gallant to dine,
 Like a Schollar of Oxford, on naught but the Loyn,
 For, after Enjoyment, our Bellies are full ;
 And the same Dish again makes the Apperite dull.

By your Wantoning Art ;
 Of a Sigh, and a Start,
 You endeavour, in vain, to inveigle my heart ;
 For the Pretty Disguise
 Of your Languishing Eyes,
 Will never prevail with my Sinews to rise :
 And 'twas never the Mode, in an Amorous Treat,
 When a Lover has din'd, to perswade him to eat.

Faith Betty the best
 Is almost at the best,
 'Tis only a Betty makes up the Feast ;

For when we've enjoy'd,
 And with pleasures are cloy'd;
 The vows, that we made to love, ever are void:
 And you know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
 That a meal should be made of a Relishing Bit.

Song.

Is Celadon unkind? it cannot be;
 Or is he so unconstant grown
 To slight my vows, and break his own?
 Forbid it Heaven! no, it cannot be.
 Then my good Angel whither is he fled?
 Tell me, Oh! tell me softly; is he dead?

Ah Prophetick soul forbear!
 Least I Languish in despair;
 No, my heart, when e'er he dyes,
 In the pain must Sympathize:
 Since my soul and his are one,
 He cannot live or dye alone.
 Florella forbear to distrust, or repine,
 Since his love, and his sufferings are equal with thine;
 And when he returns, if ever again,
 We'll Kiss away sorrow, and Laugh away pain.

66
A Song

A H Cruel Eyes! that first enflam'd
my poor resistless heart;
That, when I would my thoughts have blam'd,
they still encrease the smart:
What pow'r above
Creates such Love,
To languish with desire;
May some disdain
Encrease my pain,
Or may the flame expire.

And yet I dye to think how soon
my wishes may return,
If slighted, and my hope once gone,
I must in silence mourn:
Then Tyranness,
Do but exprest,
The Mystery of your pow'r,
'Tis as soon said,
You'll love and wed,
As studying for't an hour.

(7)

I yield to Fate, though your fair eyes
Have made the pow'r your own;
'Twas they did First, my heart surprize,
Dear Nymph! 'twas they alone:
For honour's sake,
Your heart awake;
And let your pitty move;
Least in despair
Of one so fair,
I bid adieu to Love.

Song.

Life of my Soul! return, return;
Must I for ever sigh and mourn?
The pains in thy absence that I do endure
Thou never shalt know, yet thou only canst cure:
Then come away! haste away! Life is but short,
It cannot be longer without a support.

How does my gladed soul rejoyce,
To hear the Musique of his voice?
Then thanks, Oh Love! to thy powerful charms,
And welcome, dear Shepherd! to Floria's arms:
We'll banish all sorrow, and cast away fear,
'Twere a sin to be sad, now my Celadon's here.

A Song in Epsom-wells.

How pleasant is mutual Love, when'tis true!
 Then, Phillis, let us our affections unite;
 For the more you love me, and the more I love you,
 The more we contribute to each others delight;
 But they that enjoy without loving first,
 Still eat without Stomach, and drink without thirst.

Such is the poor fable, who lives upon duty,
 Because a Canonical Coxcomb has made him;
 And ne'r tastes the sweets of Love, and of beauty;
 But drudges, because a dull Priest has betray'd him:
 But who from enjoyment in Love take their measure,
 Are wrapt in delight, and still ravish'd with pleasure.

Each Night he's a bridegroom, and she is a Bride,
 their minds, and their bodies do both so agree,
 That neither shall pleasure from th' other divide,
 But both at one instant shall satisfied be;
 Let fools, for convenience, be drawn to their Love,
 But this is the way real pleasures to prove.

A Song in Epsom-Wells.

OH how I abhor
 The tumult, and smoke of the town !
 The Clamours of War,
 The glittering Court, and the fraudulent Gown ;
 The Suburb debauches,
 The Cheats of the City ;
 The rattling of Coaches,
 And the noise of the men they call witty.
 But give me the man from all vanity free,
 With good store of Land,
 And a Country Command,
 Who honest dares be,
 Who Justice dares do, and the Nation would serve,
 And ne'r from his true Country Principles swerve ;
 This, this is the Man for me.
 While the fluttering vain Gallant, in London, consumes
 His Estate in rich Cloaths, and Perfumes ;
 And makes his face shine,
 With Burgandy Wine ;
 Spends his Youth, and his Wealth on a Punk, or a Band,
 While such shall his Wit, and his Bounty applaud :
Give

*Give me the good man, that lives on his own Grounds,
 And in his own bounds,
 Has room for his Hawks, and his Hounds;
 Can feast his own Tenants, with Fowls, and with Fishes;
 And from his own plenty, with good store of dishes;
 And not with damn'd Wines, but with good English Ale,
 O're their honest hearts can prevail;
 And nothing to others doth owe,
 But from his own house hears his own Oxen Low,
 And his own Sheep Bleat,
 Whilst the grateful sounds sweet echoes repeat,
 This, this is the man who is truly call'd great.*

Song.

*L*ove! behold a Scene of Seas,
 Under a Canopy of Trees,
 The fair new Golden World was laid,
 Sleeping, like a harmless Maid,
 Till alas! she was betray'd:
 In such shades Urania lay,
 Till Love discover'd out a way,
 And now she cries, some power above,
 Save me from this Tyrant Love.

(11)

Her poor heart had no defence,
But its Maiden innocence;
In each sweet retiring Eye,
You might easily descry,
Troops of yeilding Beauties flye,
Leaving rare unguarded treasure
To the Conquerours will and pleasure:
And now she crys, &c.

Now, and then, a straggling frown,
(Though the shade slips up and down)
Shooting such a piercing dart,
As would make the Tyrant smart,
And preserve her lips and heart:
But alas her Empires gone,
Throne, and Temples all undone:
And now she crys, &c.

Charm aloft, those stormy Winds,
That may keep these Golden Mines,
And let Spaniards Love be tore,
On some cruel rocky Shore,
Where he'l put forth to Sea no more,
Least poor conquered Beauty cry,
Oh I'm wounded! Oh I dye!
And then, there is no power above
Can save me from this Tyrant Love.

Song.

Song in Love in a Nunnery.

Long betwixt hope, and fear, Phillis tormented,
Shun'd her own wish, yet at last she lamented,
But loath that day should her blushes discover,

Come gentle night (she said)

Come quickly to my aid,

And a poor shame-fac'd Maid

Hide from her Lover.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire,

I dare not tell my self my own desire,

But let day flye away, and bid night hast her,

Grant ye kind powers above,

Slow hours to parting Love,

But, when to bliss we move,

Let them flye faster.

How sweet it is to Love, when I discover

Those flames that burn my Soul, warming my Lover:

'Tis pittie Love so true should be mistaken,

If that this night be he,

False, or unkind to me,

Let me dye, ere I see

That I'm forsaken.

A Song by Sea-men.

TO Plough the wide Ocean go we,
 Though the merciless Waves
 Still shew us our Graves,
 And the black, black tempest surround us,
 Though dangers, and fears do confound us,
 Let it blow, let it blow, we care not a feather
 For the cold North Wind, nor the rain;
 We'l into the Main;
 And fear, and fear neither Rocks, nor the weather;
 Let Land-men take care, grow wretched, and poor,
 And think themselves happy at home;
 Whilst freely we ramble to wealthior Shores,
 And are happy wherever we come.

A Song in the Dutch-Lover.

A Mintus bid me to a Grave,
 Where all the Trees did shade us,
 The Sun it self, though it had strove,
 It could not have betray'd us;
 The place, secur'd from Humane eyes,
 No other fear allow,
 But, when the Wind doth gently rise,
 To kiss the yeilding boughs.

Down

(14)

A Song by J. S. J.

(2)

Down there we sat upon the Mousse,

And did begin to play,

A thousand wanton tricks to passe

the heat of all the day ;

A many kisses he did give,

And I return'd the same,

Which made me willing to receive

That which I dare not name.

(3)

His Charming eyes no aid requir'd

To tell their am'rous tale ;

On her that was already fir'd,

'Twas easie to prevail :

He did but kisse, and clasp me round,

Whilst those his thoughts expres'd,

And laid me softly on the ground,

Oh ! who can guess the rest.

Song.

Song.

O! the time that is past,
When she held me so fast,

And declar'd that her honour no longer could last,
When no light, but her languishing eyes did appear,
To prevent all excuses of blushes and fear.

When she sigh'd, and unlos'd,
With such trembling and haste,
As if she had long'd to be closer imbrac'd,
My Lips the sweet pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
While my hand was in search of hid treasure employ'd.

My heart set on fire
With the flames of desire,
I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to require;
But she cry'd, for pitty sake, change your ill mind,
Pray Amintas be civil, or I'll be unkind.

Dear Amintas, she cries,
Then casts down her eyes,
And in kisses she gives, what in words she denies:
Too sure of my conquest, I purpos'd to stay
Till her freer consent had more sweetned the prey.

But

But too late I begun,

For her passion was done :

Now, Amintas, she cries I will never be won :

Your tears, and your Courtship, no pitty can move,

For you've slighted the Critical minute of Love.

A Drinking Catch.

L *Ets drink, dear Friends, lets drink,
The time flies fast away,*

And we no leisure have to think,

then let's make use ont, while we may :

When the black Lake we have past,

Farewel to wine, to love, and pleasure,

To drink, to drink, let's then make hast,

To drink we always sh^dnt have leisure :

Let's love, let's drink while we have breath,

No love, no drinking after Death.

An Answer to let Fortune and Phillis.

I Love my dear Phillis, and never will change;
No generous man is suspicious;
While you question her truth, you provoke her to rage;
And you prove your self but the more vicious:
You will, and you won't, you'r a wonder to me,
For all others do what the Fates do decree.

If beauty and humour to get her, do meet,
She hath power to make you to love her;
You're a slave if you ever unshackle your feet;
And 'tis sawcy to say you're above her;
Where's the ease you can find, if your Love you forgo!
For, without my dear Phillis, no comfort I know:
How pleasant it is to have a fair Miss,
Though she wound with a frown, she can heal with a kiss.

Song

W Hen first my free heart was surpriz'd by desire,
So soft was the wound, and so gentle the fire;
My sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the smart,
I pity'd the slave that had ne'r lost his heart;
He thinks himself happy, and free, but alas!
He's far from the Heaven that Lovers possess.

*In Nature was nothing I found to compare
 With the Beauty of Phillis, I thought her so fair;
 A wit so divine all her sayings did fill,
 A Goddess she seem'd, and I thought on her still
 With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a passion more true,
 Then a Martyr in flames, for Religion can shew.*

*More Vertues and Graces I found in her mind,
 Then the Schools can invent, or the Gods e're design'd;
 Shee seem'd to be mine by each glance of her eye,
 If mortals may aim at a blessing so high;
 Each day, with new favours, new hopes she did give;
 But alas what we wish, we too soon do believe.*

*With awful respect while I lov'd, and admir'd,
 But fear'd to attempt what I so much desir'd:
 In a moment the life of my hopes was destroy'd,
 For a Shepherd, more daring, fell on and enjoy'd:
 But, in spite of my Fate, and the pains I endure,
 I will try her agen in a second Amour.*

A Song.

O Love ! if e're thou'st ease a heart
 That owes the power divine,
 That bleeds, with thy too cruel dart,
 And pants with never ceasing smart,
 Take pitty now on mine :
 Under the shades I fainting lye,
 A thousand times I wish to dye,
 But, when I find cold death too nigh,
 I grieve to leave my pleasing pain,
 And all my wishes back again.

But thus, as I sat all alone,
 I'th shady Mirtle Grove ;
 When, to each gentle sigh, and moan,
 Some neighb'ring gave a groan,
 Came by the man I love ;
 Oh ! how I strove my grief to hide !
 I panted, blush'd, and almost dy'd ;
 And did each tatling eccho chide,
 For fear some breath of moving air
 Should to his ears my sorrows bear.

And, Oh ye Pow'ers ! I'd dye to gain

But one poor parting kifs,

And yet I'd be on wracks of pain,

E're I'd one thought or wish retain

That Honour thinks amifs.

Thus are poor Maids unkindly us'd,

By Love, and Nature both abus'd,

Our tender hearts all ease refus'd,

And, when we burn with secret flame,

Must bear the grief, or dye with shame.

A New Dialogue, Between Tom Tinker and his Company.

Tom Tinker. **W**Hby should not we be merry?
 What hinders we may not laugh?
 What hinders we may not quaff?

Sing down a down down a down derry.

His Comp. How merrily that man of Mettle,
 Tom Tinker, clapperclaws his Kettle?
 With muzzle drawn to his ear,
 Have you any Skillets to mend?
 Crys he, here's Tom the Venches friend.

Tom

Tom T. *Come Maids, I'll stop the holes you need not fear,*
His Comp. *Faith Gadamercy Tom.*

Thou merry art wherever thou dost come.

Tom. *Thanks to my Pockets empty,*

For very little money's there,

But Copper-box, and foul Pipes plenty.

Comp. *If so,*

Chorus. *Then let us laugh, and sing,*

And love each other, like any thing.

We have no business at the scolding Bar,

Nor can we ought loose in bloody War,

We can lose but empty Purfes,

'Tis better so than fill'd with Widows curses;

Mirth is dyet, honesty our cloathing,

Hang worldly pelf, by love 'tis less than nothing.

A Song of the Whining-Lover.

SEE! where the Lover comes, with arms crost-wise,
With staggering feet, and pent-house o're his eyes,

He swears he's blind, and I could wish th' event,
 Would truly perfect his false Complement;
 He's mad, he's not himself: Milk sop, we know
 That they are worse, who do not think thee so;
 Then, for a melting close, he crys in print,
 My heart doth bleed, I would my knife were in't.
 One while he sighs, then swears, then prays, then curses:

Ladies look to't, his plot's upon your purses:
 Can't the veins swell, the body itch, the blood
 Dance out it's wanton measures, like a flood:
 Can't he whine out, my dear! my heart's oppress'd,
 My blood burnt, my eyes can take no rest?
 And, if not pitt'y'd, call for halter, knife,
 Poison, or any thing to end his Life?
 But these must trundle to the sacred name
 Of Love; and prostitute her spotless fame:
 Beauties below, by all the Gods above,
 Y' are gul'd, abus'd, 'tis treachery, not Love.

Song on the *London Ladies*.

(1)

Time was, thou must dwindle thy money, and time,
 And, the dearest of all thy vigour, and prime;
 To Court a coy Mistris, that long'd for't as much
 As thou couldst desire to give her a touch:
 But now the rate's known; the best will turn up
 For a Guiny, a Pullet, and to'ther odd cup:
 A World'tis of pleasure, one Necklace of Pearl,
 Will conjure the richest, or modestest Girl.

(2)

All Trade is for gain, all Commodities sold,
 Fear not; for thy coyn thou mayst justly be bold:
 A pox on fine words; the contemplative fool
 Talks of Love, and of flame; an oh! what mis-rule
 These keep in his heart: now a sigh, then a groan;
 And her very jeca's sufficient alone
 To fill him with raptures, sweet dreams, and what not!
 When alas! all the while, her flames are as hot.

Song on the London Ladies.

In company with her, each glance drops a Charm,
 And she gives him her hand, to keep him still warm;
 For this is the man she designs her lewd life,
 To cloak with the serious name of a Wife:
 To the modest all distance; with those that are free
 She can tickle, and kiss, and kinder yet be:
 Adieu to fond Courtship! all arguments fly,
 In the briskest assault, when the pockets let fly.

(4)

Love is banish'd the world, and vertue is gone,
 To some private recess, to lament all alone;
 For now she grows barren, and none of her race
 Can be found either with, or without a good face:
 To the Mall, to the Park, to the Pit, or the Box;
 Where you will you can't miss: there's meat for the Cocks.
 And thus will it be, for old Eve, at the first,
 And her Daughters e're since have made all Men accurst.

2 A
A Song.

Too justly alas ! and yet too much in vain,
Of a Fate too severe, may the Lover complain,
whose soul is divided and tortur'd like mine,
when his Duty forbids what his Love doth enjoyn;
Yet Parents in vain do a passion withstand;
For we cannot obey, where we cannot command.

Sure Nature design'd us a blessed state;
There's no other creature but chooses her Mate,
And the Turtles, in Pairs, through an Amorous grace,
Do Love where they like, and enjoy where they love:
What Tyrants are those, who seek to destroy
The Liberty we do, by nature enjoy.

Yet, since 'tis a fate that the gods have ordain'd,
That our wills should be free; though our power be restrain'd:
We'll Love whilst we live; for the constant, at last
Do the perfectest joys of Elizium taste:
And there--- Oh there we may Love out our fill,
When to do, and enjoy, are the same as to will.

A Song.

IN what desperate earnest, said I,
 At Lucasia's fair feet will I dye!
 And I thought my self slain,
 Till I thought on't again:
 Then I found it was but in conceit,
 And nothing at all but a Cheat.

An Eye, or a Lip, or a Nose,
 Or a Check, that's compar'd to a Rose,
 Do intend us no ill;
 Nor are desir'd to kill:
 For the pleasures, we here cannot have,
 'Tis a madness to seek in the grave.

The business of Love's to enjoy,
 For encrease, and not to destroy:
 If a Nymph has no fire,
 Soon it cools my desire:
 I can live, though Lucasia be shy,
 Nor unless in Enjoyment will dye.

A Song.

Fie, Cloris, 'Tis silly to sigh thus in vain,
 'Tis silly to pitty the Lovers you've slain;
 If still you continue your Slaves to deride,
 The compassion you feign, will be taken for pride:
 And sorrow for sin can never be true,
 In one that does daily commit it anew.

If, while you are fair, you resolve to be coy,
 You may hourly repent, as you hourly destroy:
 Yet none will believe you, protest what you will,
 That you grieve for the dead, if you daily do kill:
 And where are our hopes when we zealously wooe?
 If you vow to abhor what you constantly do.

Then, Cloris, be kinder, and tell me my Fate,
 For the worst I can suffer's to dye by your hate:
 If this you design, never fancy in vain,
 By your sighs, and your tears, to recal me again;
 Nor weep at my Grave, for (I swear) if you do,
 As you now Laugh at me, I will then Laugh at you.

A Song.

From Friends, all inspir'd with brisk Burgundy Wine,
 Speaking raptures of Reason, and sayings Divine:
 I come, I come, from this Haven I come,
 Through dirt, and darknesse I willingly roame,
 To follow a Boy, who confesses he's blind:
 He tells me of hope, but leads me through fear,
 And sometimes I'm just on the brink of Despair;
 But on I follow, I follow; still leaving behind,
 My two mighty blessings, my bottle, and Friend;
 He tells me of hope beyond this;
 But will not declare where my journey shall end.

Chorus.

Ah! What Charmes have those Eyes,
 That a Love so strong can inspire?
 It Mirth, Wit, and Friendship defies;
 And Wine cannot slacken its Fires.
 In spite of my self I must follow him still,
 A Devil, or a God, let him be which he will;
 I cannot, nay will not retire,
 No; Though I were sure to be burn'd in the fire.

Song.

A Dieu my Cordelia, my dearest adieu;
 No passion, more slighted, was ever more true;
 No torment severer than this could you prove,
 To enjoyn him to absence, that's chain'd by your Love.

Subdu'd by your Charms, you enflam'd my desire,
 Till a spark, from your eyes set my heart all on fire;
 Cruelty shown, no offence but Love known,
 Exild, and Out-law'd, by a hard heart of Stone.

Song.

Must I, fair Ruler of my Fate,
 Expect your favour, or your hate?
 And give my self a larger scope,
 Or, to my fears resign my hope?
 Or have ill ground'd doubts possess
 The place you gave me in your breast.

Some beauties with a proud disdain,
 Glory in their adorers pain;
 Some meet their Amorous desires,
 And burn with happy mutual fires:
 But lovely Tyrant, none but you
 Are cruel and obliging too.

An Old Shepherd Courts a young Nymph.

Shep. **A** H Cloris ! *What came from these Eyes ?*
I feel the strange light'ning gone through my heart
My thoughts are on fire, and brisk motions arise,
I grow active in every part.
My blood dances fresh in every vein,
'Tis so hot, I've no leisure to wooe ;
I cannot, I cannot contain,
I prethee, dear Cloris le'ts do.

Nymph. *Away ! you Old Fool, you talk of a fire,*
With Ice in your Face, and Snow on your Head :
When, sixty years since, you ceas'd to desire,
And so long have been dumb to the Bed.
Go court a dry Mummy, or let your cold Rhume,
and implacable venemous itches,
Prepare for your Lust, and unpity'd consume,
To distill'um to poison for Witches.

Shep. *Alas your rebukes are too too severe,*
These decays of my age shall be mended by art,

The

These hairs, that are milky shall sable appear,
 And this back shall be tough as my heart,
 These eyes, now benighted shall sparkle like Stars,
 These joynts, now benum'd, shall revive from their Earth,
 I'll have an Elixer shall make me a Mars,
 A Dozen of Cupids I'll get at a birth.

Nymph. Ah! ah! Poor Shepherd! what Learning or Art,
 can call back the time that is flown?

What Chymical Med^cine a cure can impart,
 For a life quite faded and gone?

All over th^o art dead, yet in pitty I have;
 Some branches of Cypress and Yew:
 Some Melancholly green, I'll bring to thy grave,
 Where I'll sigh, if I can, and bid thee adieu.

Chorus.

Some Melancholly green I'll bring to thy Grave,
 Where I'll sigh, if I can, and bid thee adieu.

Song.

Song.

Thou art so fair, and cruel too,
I am amaz'd what I shall do

To compass my desire;
Sometimes thy eyes do me invite,
But when I venture kill me quite,
Yet still encrease my fire.

Oft have I try'd my Love to quell,
And thought its fury to repel,

Since I no hopes do find:
But when I think of leaving thee,
My heart as much doth torture me,
As it would rejoice, if kind.

I still must Love, though hardly us'd,
And never offer but refus'd;

Can any suffer more?
Be coy, be cruel, do thy worst,
Though for thy sake I am accurst:
I must and will adore.

Song.

A*H fading joy,*
How quickly art thou past,
Yet we thy ruine hast :
And what too soon would dye,
Help to destroy ;
As if the cares of Humane Life were few,
We seek out new ;
And follow Fate that does too fast pursue.
In vain does Natures bounteous hand supply,
What peevish Mortals to themselves deny.
See how, on ev ry bough the Birds express
In their wild Notes their bappiness ;
Not anxious how to get or spare
They on their Mother Nature, lay their Care.
Why then should man, the Lord of all below,
Such troubles chuse to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo ?

Chorus.

Hark ! Hark ! the Waters fall,
 And with a murmuring sound,
 Dash, dash, upon the ground,
 To gentle Slumbers call.

A Song.

VV Hy Cloris should you on him frown,
 who always own'd your pow'r?

The glory of that Triumph's gone,
 where no resistance could be shewn,
 I was your Slave before.

May some more noble enterprize,
 Your charming force engage?
 Such as rebel against your eyes,
 Or dare your haughty means despise,
 Are Objects for your Rage.

So you your Empire may advance,
 And you secure your Reign,
 For thus your Conquest you enhance,
 While some great Captive ev'ry glance,
 Reduces to your Chain.

But while you 'midst your Trophies are,
 Scorn not your Loyal Slave;
 For shou'd I equal penance share
 With those that once rebellious were;
 Twou'd bring me to my grave.

A Song.¹

They call, they call, what voice is that ?

A Lady in despair,

Whose Tears and Sorrows come too late

Her losses to repair ;

By too much Pride I've lost a heart

I languish to regain,

And yet I'd kill the man I Love,

E'r own my pleasing pain :

Some gentle Spirit shew the fate

Of him I Love, but fain wou'd have.

In vain, in vain, thou seek'st our aid

Thy passion to remove,

For see alas the foul event

Of thy too Tragick Love :

See, see, the Crown thou did'st disdain,

Another Brow must wear,

Then sigh and weep no more in vain,

But dye in deep despair :

May this be all proud beauties fate,

Still to repent their pride too late.

D

Song.

Song.

PEace Cupid, take thy Bow in hand,
I'th' Gloomy Shade in ambush stand
To watch a cruel Nymph frequents this Bow'r,
Cold as the Streams, but sweeter then each flow'r ;
There, there, she is, direct thy Dart,
Into that Stony Marble heart :
Draw, quickly draw, and shew thy Art,
W's me ! thou art blind indeed, thou hast shot me,
Whiles she scapes in the Grove, and Laughs at thee ;
And Laughs, &c.

Song.

VV Hen first, fair Saint, I thought you kind,
Joy over-flow'd my ravish'd mind ;
But since your kindness you decline,
And I can never part with mine,
I am with juster grief oppress'd,
Than if I never had been blest.
O fair Utrecia, if you knew
The torments I endure for you,
My patient hopes despair, my frights
Uneasie days and waking nights :
Your rigour, or your love would free,
My heart from you, or yours from me.

A Dialogue, Between Two Sisters in Love.

First Sister.

Tell me, O tell what cruel smart,
Hath enter'd my unwearied heart;
What name to give the fatal wound,
For sure in you the like is found;
Our Blushes and our sighs agree,
And all my Symptomes are in thee.

Second Sister.

'Tis true minds of late possesse,
With a pretty violent guest:
Yet what to call't, or whence it grew,
I am as ignorant as you.

First Sister.

I saw a goodly Youth of late,
It may be then began my fate:
For ever since my fancy brings
To my unquiet mind, strange things.

Second Sister.

I too alas! exactly well,
The Youth, the time, the place can tell;

Before

Before that hour, my quiet thought,
 On none but Maiden pleasures wrought;
 I mildly first commended him,
 Till I was caught by my own Theme.

Second Sister.

At first assant I never strove,
 Never suspecting 'twould be Love;

First Sister.

In vain my passion I conceal,
 For my concealments more reveal.

Second Sister.

I walk alone, and start and muse,
 I long and hope, yet would refuse,
 I chide my heart, I know not why,
 Fain wou'd be ignorant, yet fain would try.

First Sister.

Good nature, first I thought it was
 For kindness only it did pass,
 Till the deceiver of my heart did fill;
 And by those feigned Names did truly kill.

Chorus

Chorus.

Many thousand follies are,
 The unhappy Lovers share,
 Doubtful pangs, and wild desires,
 Immoderate heat unruly fires ;
 Tides of relenting and disdain ;
 Quiv'ring rapture, Joy and Pain:
 But with these fantastick things ;
 Love many true perfections brings.

A Song.

HOW bonny and brisk, how pleasant and sweet,
 Were Jenny and I, while my passion was strong,
 So eagerly each others flame we did meet,
 That a minutes delay did appear to be long.
 The vows that I made her, she seal'd with a kiss,
 Till my soul I had lost in a rapture of Bliss.

(2)

*I vow'd and I thought I cou'd ever have lov'd,
 Where beauty and kindness together I found,
 So Sweetly she lookt, and so sweetly she mov'd,
 That I fancy'd my strength with my joys to abound:
 For the pleasure I gave, she did doubly requite;
 By finding out ever new ways to delight.*

(3)

*At last when enjoyment had put out my fire,
 My strength was decay'd and my passion was done;
 So pall'd was my fancy, so tame my desire,
 That I from the Nymph, very fain would have gone.
 Ah! Jenny said I, we adore thee in vain;
 For beauty enjoy'd do's but turn to disdain.*

FINIS.

